



K Portrait

806. k. 16
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VIEW here the *POURTRAIT* of a Factious Priest,
Who (spight of Proverbs) dares defile his Nest :
And where he shou'd defend the Church's Cause,
Basely deserts her, and arraigns her Laws.
Such, and no better is the Man that dares
With his Superiors wage litigious Wars :
And to *malignant Answers* set his Hand,
To Sermons publish'd by *supreme Command*.
If this be meritorious, let him find
Preferment suited to so vile a Mind :
A Mitre ne'er can fit that impious Head,
Who has his Conscience, and his Trust betray'd.
Such the *Satyrick Muse* did well describe,
When thus (provok'd) she sung the factious Tribe :

*Unhappy Church ! by such Usurpers sway'd,
How is thy Native Purity decay'd ?
How are thy Prelates chang'd from what they were
When Laud and Sancroft fill'd the sacred Chair ?
When for establish'd Faith they shou'd contend,
Meekness and Christian Charity pretend ;
But with a blind enthusiastick Rage,
For Schism and Toleration they engage ;
With strange Delight and Vehemence espouse
Occasional Conformists shameful Cause ;
Oppress thy Friends, and vindicate thy Foes.
Faction, a restless and repining Fiend,
Curdles their Blood, and gnaws upon their Mind,
Offspring of Chaos, Enemy to Form,
Who, raging, swells the World into a Storm,
She taught the Giants to attempt the Sky,
And Jove's avenging Thunder to defy :
She rais'd the AXE that struck the fatal Blow,
Which murder'd Gods Vicegerent here below ;
And still pursues him with relentless Hate,
Arraigns his Mem'ry, and insults his Fate.*

[Faction display'd.]

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